

"They say unto him, Cesar's. Then saith he unto them, render therefore unto Cesar the things which are Cesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

Text suggested by the Rev. George A. Miller, pastor Ninth Street Christian Church.

—St. Matthew, xxii:21.

Mining Coal Now in Order

FOR six hundred thousand workmen and their families to be without earnings for three months is a cause for grave national concern. When, in addition, the production of coal is interrupted for a quarter of a year, a national calamity threatens.

Unemployment on such a scale, and a threatened coal famine—either of these conditions long ago should have induced the Federal authorities to exhaust every effort to get the mine owners and the men together.

In this conflict the very principle of industrial security is at stake. This "strike" is setting a precedent which in the future will allow either employers or men to break a solemn contract with each other.

Mine owners and men in the "Central Competitive Field," the chief soft-coal producing region of the country, had a wage agreement which expired April 1. The agreement bound both sides to confer before April 1 and try to frame a fresh contract.

Mine owners have not successfully answered the charge, generally accepted, that they refused to keep their word to the miners. So the men, having no wage agreement beyond April 1, quit work on that date.

SOME ONE WAS TO BLAME. One side or the other broke its word. If this is to be countenanced, if wage contracts are not to be kept, there is no hope for industrial peace.

We want those men back at work at mining coal. We want the contending parties forced to negotiate wages and working conditions, in accordance with their solemn agreement.

We want the Government definitely to fix the blame for this unpardonable interruption in the country's economic life as a lesson to future disturbers of the peace in industry.

Next War Upon Insects

THE next war will be a war upon insects.

Human beings have their differences with one another and occasionally indulge in a fight, but the enemy of the entire human race is the insect.

There are five times as many kinds of insects as there are kinds of all other living beings put together.

It is estimated that there are 750,000 sorts of insects, without counting parasitic creatures.

Of beetles alone there are over 100,000 varieties.

Some time ago a scientist took a census of five ant hills. He killed all the inhabitants with poison gas and counted the dead. There were over 100,000 in these five hills.

Some of the hills of the termites, or white ants, must contain many millions of inhabitants.

In a hornets' nest there are somewhere around 400 population, or perhaps 200 would be a better average. Even this is too many, for while bees make honey and even wasps have their good points, such as killing flies, the hornet is a bad one. He is a murderer, a drunkard, a thief and a cannibal; also his sting is a serious matter.

One of the greatest enemies to the human race is the house fly. Prof. Howard has calculated that a single female fly could, in one season, become the ancestress of 4,472,286,103,628,713,559,320 flies. Of course if she actually produced all these flies and they lived, there would not be room enough on the planet for such a multitude.

The only way the number of insects is kept down is by the continual war among themselves and the war of other animals upon them.

Peace is a relative term. Human creatures should have peace among themselves, if only because they need all their combined energies to war upon their common enemies.

What the U.S. Did for Haiti

YOU have read and heard a great deal of nonsense about the American occupation of Haiti since 1915.

Our marines landed there because the Monroe Doctrine was threatened by the landing of French naval forces. Some power was going to take a hand in Haiti, where life and property were exposed to incessant revolutions, where public credit was exhausted and payment of the foreign debt was imperiled.

It was our job both because of our location and our policy. How well we have done the job is told in the report of the Senate Select Committee on American Occupation of Haiti, made public by Senator McCormick, Monday.

About 20% of the inhabitants of Haiti can read or write. A few of them hate us because we ended the merciless graft they practiced on their fellow countrymen.

The other 80%, simple, ignorant peasants, rise up and call us blessed. For the first time in Haitian history they have security for their property and persons.

We have built for them 585 miles of roads. When the French left the island, in 1804, there were 500 miles of good highway; when we came, in 1915, not one mile of road on the island was passable.

We are bringing them education as fast as public money is available. With security, taxable wealth is growing. Taxes are going into schools and public service, not into the pockets of corrupt officials.

We are teaching them to govern themselves. We have drilled a force of 2,500 Haitian gendarmes, largely officered by natives, capable of suppressing bandits and upholding stable government. We are training Haitian officials fit to run such a government.

Let Haiti look fifty miles to the west, where Cuba, the same population as Haiti, with 3,500,000 souls, has attained independence and prosperity under our tutelage.

Neither Haitian nor American interests would allow us to interrupt a work so well begun.

Sea and Character

A MERCHANT marine is something more than a mechanism to transport goods between countries.

It is also an educational institution. It means for the youth of the country an ever-beckoning opportunity to know the people, the institutions, the accomplishments of foreign lands.

The best of education is travel. Who can estimate what it has meant to British supremacy in world trade and world diplomacy to have had tens of thousands of British citizens constantly in all the ports of all the seven seas?

Can you not see the sea pattern into which the Briton's character is cast? He gets his taciturn reserve from the boundless expanse of the gray, silent waters. His dogged determination arises out of battles with the fiercest of the elements. His strong religious sense is as old as his dependence upon Providence where Providence's help is needed.

They that go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.

Americans Old and New

UNCLE SAM told the world yesterday that 36,398,958 of his nephews and nieces have foreign blood. This means that one-third of our population have more recently migrated to America than the other two-thirds or their progenitors. Nevertheless, the country magnificently maintains its character. The earlier American stock, with its Anglo-Saxon spiritual tradition, benevolently and beneficently assimilates the millions of newcomers as fellow-members in a human democracy—Americans all.

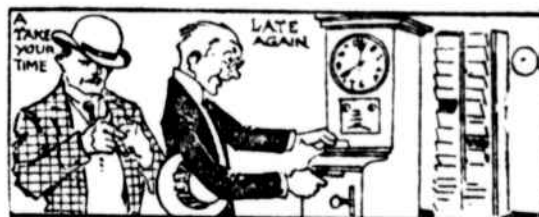
The "Open Sesame"



WAYSIDE WISDOM

(Copyright, 1922.)

By S. E. Kiser



"PUNCH, BROTHERS, PUNCH." THE TIME CLOCK.

I KEEP a check on Fred and Joe And Grace and Jane and Rose and Ruth; I time them when they come and go, I always tell the boss the truth. Inflexibly I regulate; I can't be bribed or coaxed to lie; My way is fixed and constant; Fate Is no more watchful than am I.

THE CASH REGISTER.

I HAVE the goods on Tom and Dick And Winifred and Blanche and Bill. They cannot hope by any trick To snatch a nickel from the till. I never violate my trust, And George and Jim and Jack and Bob Go straight because they know they must While I remain upon the job.

THE CHECK PERFORATOR.

PLEASE don't forget the part I play In keeping folks from going wrong; I ward off danger every day, And check temptation right along. How many men who still are free And still enjoy the world's regard Would fret if it were not for me, And gaze from windows that are barred!

ALL IN CHORUS.

OH, the world's a jolly old world, indeed, With its registers, clocks and meters, And the ceaseless watch and the constant need Of checking potential cheaters! All men are thieves, and all women, too, Or they would be if we would let them, And they'd better take care, whatever they do, For it's our intention to "get" them.



Makes Water Do Digging. Digging drainage ditches with water at a cost that is but a fraction of the usual amount has been accomplished near Vale, Ore. This feat was made possible by the use of a sluicing machine invented by one of the farmers of the community, working at the suggestion of the Oregon Experiment Station. To dig a large main drain by this method, a few furrows are plowed along the line of the proposed ditch. Then a large head of water is turned in at the upper end, and the sluicing machine is dragged back and forth along the bottom of the ditch by means of a horse at either end of a cross pole.

Another Attack of Fashions

By "BUGS" BAER

PARISIAN officials of powdered sex are starting some more clothes nonsense.

FRENCH mannequins scampered around Paris with their necks painted like zebras. Unless those alien fashion maniacs stop this feeble-skulled haberdashery business, we'll have to declare war on unnaturalized millinery shops.

STAR-SPANGLED U. S. girls copy everything that our allied flappers do over there. Only our girls improve on French fashions.

IF some Paris flapp paints her neck like zebra, some Manhattan shrill will paint her own neck like a giraffe, with gold leaf on her Adam's apple and radium on her moles.

THIS fashion is going to spread because it takes no brains to be silly and anything that is silly is popular.

THEY'LL be walking around with their necks looking like barber poles.

WE always overdo stuff over here. If Paris says no hats this season, our girls would not only say no hats, but they would also shave 'em selves bald-headed.

IF Paris chirped no heels this winter, all girls in Peoria would toss away their shoes.

WHEN Paris bulletins short skirts, what do our babies do on this side of anybody's ocean? They throw away their dresses.

WE follow Parisian cuckoo styles so sudden that we're ahead of 'em.

WHEN monkey fur got so popular in France, American husbands had to wear one-tailed Tuxedos so their wives would think they were chimpanzees.

PARIS frails started to wear watches on their ankles. Did Boston girls stop there?

WOULDN'T be so bad if we could follow Parisian fashion patterns. But anything they do, we multiply by ten. If foreign girls decide that looking sickly is stylish, Washington marshmallow hounds eat soap and dance around on two crutches.

NOW they are wearing long skirts over there that reach to ground, which means that over here they'll wear 'em so long that they'll reach down fifty feet well.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

I WAS busy. AND LEFT the whiskers. AND PRESSED for time. AND WASHED my face. AND NEEDED a haircut. AND I got up. AND HURRIED down. AND PUT on my collar. TO A neighborhood shop. AND RUBBED my face. THAT I'D never been in. AND FELT the whiskers. AND A chair was vacant. AND SAID to him. AND I sat down. "YOU'RE A pretty poor barber." AND TOLD the barber. AND HE got mad. TO CUT my hair. AND WE had some words. AND OF course he did it. WHICH WERE pleasant enough. EXCEPT FOR him. AND THEN suggested. BECAUSE I knew. IT WAS coming out. I COULD shave myself. AND I agreed. WITH MY safety razor. THAT IT needed something. WHEN I got home. BUT THAT I was sure. AND THE haircut I had. HE DIDN'T have it. WAS QUITE all right. AND ORDERED a shave. AND I asked for my check. AND HE lowered the chair. AND FELT in my pocket. AND LATHERED my face. AND HAD no money. AND RUBBED it a little. AND I COULDN'T. TELLING THAT guy. AND LATHERED it more. I'D HAVE to come back. AND WHATEVER it was. AND PAY my check. HE USED for a razor. AND WHEN I went out. HE DRAGGED the thing. HE MADE some crack. ALL OVER my face. AND EVERYONE laughed. FOR ABOUT five minutes. AND I was red in the face. AND REMOVED the lather. AND I THANK you.

"Lime Juicers" is a name applied to old English sailing vessels and came from the fact that they carried a supply of lime juice to counteract any bad effect of unbalanced rations, thus preventing scurvy.

The Farmer Loses Two Billion Dollars

By Henry S. Williams

PEOPLE who speculate in Wall street are accustomed to see their fortunes expand or dwindle—more especially dwindle—over night as the stocks fluctuate.

That seems a matter of course, inasmuch as the quotations are often dependent on mere matters of opinion.

The market may be enthusiastic or panicky, as the case may be, without actual change in the commodities that the stocks represent.

But when the commodities themselves are in question, and notably when we consider such staples as farm products, one might fairly expect that values would be less subject to fluctuation.

So it is not without surprise that one reads, in the official report of the Department of Agriculture, that farm values of animals slumped between 1913 and 1921 by not far from two billion dollars.

IT appears that the decline from 1913 to 1920 was caused principally by the decreased number of beef cattle, hogs, and sheep and lambs raised for slaughter; and that the high cost of feed was the main factor in this case.

But the decline of the following year, which amounted to more than a billion dollars in the aggregate, was almost entirely due to lower live stock prices as well as lower prices for farm animals.

The drop from 1920 to 1921, said to be due almost entirely to lower prices, represented a decrease of more than thirty-five per cent.

WHATEVER concerns the farmer concerns all the rest of us. So this matter of farm losses will bear careful pondering.

Consider, for example, the items which reveal that the value of cattle other than milch cows and veal calves (that is to say, the value of beef cattle) was \$966,800,000 in 1919, and had shrunk to \$389,000,000 in

1921—a falling off of almost 60 per cent.

Possibly half of this represents lower prices (at the farm, not in the retail market); but the other 30 per cent, apparently, represents actual decrease in the number of beef animals.

The figures are only approximate, but they will serve at least to indicate a very marked reduction in the meat supply, at the source. Meantime the number of consumers, that is to say the human population, increases year by year.

UNDER these circumstances it requires only the most elementary knowledge of the law of supply and demand to give assurance that the price of beef in the retail market may be expected to have an upward trend.

When returns of the census of 1910 were available, about ten years ago, it became known that, whereas the population increased 21 per cent, the number of food animals on the hoof had decreased so alarmingly that there was a relative shortage of 60,000,000 animals as compared with the number existing ten years before.

That simple statistical fact justified the prediction that the price of meat must go up. Every one knows that the prophecy was fulfilled; but most people perhaps suppose that the advanced prices were largely due to the war.

IN reality the fundamental factor was the decrease of food animals. The war introduced new conditions, and modified the trend of events all along the line. But it would appear that we are now dropping back to normal pre-war conditions of steady decrease of farm animals and steady increase of population. While these conditions obtain it would be futile to complain about the increasing price of beef.

The remedy is obvious enough. There should be increase instead of decrease of animals on the farms. But no one has yet suggested a way in which the change may be brought about.

True Democracy, a Spirit

By Hutchins Hapgood

IT cannot be pointed out too often that the conception of democracy that commends itself to our love is not the conception of democracy as being the rule of the majority. That idea of democracy has done, and will continue to do, great harm, for that permits the majority to coerce the minority. It permits the many to dominate over the relatively few.

The kind of democracy that is worth striving for is the democracy the vital principle of which is self-control. If we are not willing to allow others to control themselves, we are not democrats at heart. We are all the better democrats if, being of the majority, we are still sensitive to the rights and free lives of the small minority.

THE true democrat has an almost religious respect for personality. If there were any one human being controlled by all the rest of the community, that community would not be a democratic community, in the ideal sense, for our immortal

soul, with its infinite value, would be hemmed in, violated, controlled, prevented from reaching its fullest development intended by the Creator.

When we find a true democrat we find a man who puts such intense value on the personality of the lowest human being that he cannot treat him as such—in fact, sees that there are none such.

EUGENE V. DEBS, whose articles on his prison experience have been running in The Washington Sunday Times, is one of the comparatively few fully conscious democrats. His article breathes respect and love for all his fellow prisoners, no matter how "low" they may be. Debs' attitude is not due to his being a Socialist. He is quite independent of that. He might be a Baptist, a Jew, a Republican in politics, a Mohammedan. For true democracy is not primarily a matter of principle or of theory. It is an affair of the spirit. It is the mark of the highest spiritual development in a human being.

The Deadly Typewriter

By Owen Owen

THE peasants rose in rebellion, armed only with their reaping hooks, and defeated the tyrant—that was the sort of thing that used to happen.

Then, gunpowder, cannon, rifles, bullets, arose and held many a lord on his throne against peasants with flails and sickles.

The most astonishing thing about the recent war was that the weapons were mainly industrial instruments.

THE typewriter and adding-machine were used to defeat Germany. Automobiles, trucks, electrical apparatus, rubber, copper, wheat, paper, were indispensable. Mills for making dye-stuffs for military uniforms became TNT factories overnight. The doughnut, in the hands of the Salvation Army, was a power to reckon with.

Vaudeville "acts" were cabled for by harassed commanders as

Wellington used to implore powder. As for the telephone, peace time's symbol, what would the armies have done without it or its younger brother, radio?

ON the actual firing line, it is true, a few appliances useful purely for killing appeared—guns, rifles and the like. But the firing line was only the spume from the ocean of industrialism that seethed behind it, that produced it ever newly, into which it re-emerged and from which it emerged ceaselessly.

War having become a mere by-product of commerce and manufacture—every conceivable tool of clerk and workman being now, on occasion, a weapon, one is moved to ask whether the future holds riots and revolutions comparable to those of the olden time when "the peasants rose in rebellion armed only with their reaping hooks."

It is at least an interesting speculation.

Stars and Stripes

Some towns are as dry as a movie bathing beauty. What could be drier?

Conan Doyle says he can materialize the spirits of dead animals. Maybe he was the one who stirred up the old Bull Moose recently.

If prices are coming down they are apparently coming down in parachutes and taking their time.

Shoe firm advertises "short vamps ready to take out. Wonder if they have any pretty little blondes?"